

The



Cheer

"For St. Joe

and Success"

VOL. XVII.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1925.

NOS. 19 AND 20

ANNUAL MUSICALE OUT- RIVALS FORMER YEARS

What will undoubtedly prove a high mark in the musical history of St. Joe was presented on the evening of the twenty-eighth on the occasion of the annual musicale by the students of music. Both in the quality of art presented and in the manner of presentation, the recital surpassed any similar undertaking of former years.

One can hardly say that one number was better than another because of the harmonious, yet distinctly varied, character of the selections. In the "Music of the World," however, "Sancta Lucia," as played by the ensemble orchestra and sung in Italian by William Arnold, drew prolonged and merited applause. The Spanish serenade, "La Paloma," was also especially pleasing. The series of solos by the "Harlequins" was exceptionally well received, but it must be added that Lloyd McKinley and his harmonica brought the gallery to its feet with vociferous applause. The College Choir, under the able direction of Father Justin, sang excellently two very interesting numbers. The first part of the program, consisting of an overture by the orchestra and solos with orchestra accompaniment by Andrew Kobetits on the piano, Urban Wimmers on the violin, and William Zeller on the xylophone, was magnificently rendered.

A word must be said about the striking settings employed and the ingenious use of lights and color that added much interest to the recital. This was especially apparent in the second part of the program.

The sketch from "Faust" was a fitting finale to the evening's entertainment. It represented the temptation of Faust (Prof. Paul Tonner) by Mephistopheles (Joseph Bechtold), and Faust's subsequent fall when presented with a vision of Marguerite (Russell Blackburn). The illusion of the vision was exceptionally well effected by the artistic use of lights and setting.

Rensselaer music lovers to the

number of about 150 responded, and were well rewarded for their attendance.

If the participants of the program, after having devoted as they did hour after hour to the perfecting of the various numbers, could but realize the incalculable benefit they rendered by awakening an appreciation of high quality music in the minds of their audience, they would be well repaid.

GRADUATION EXERCISES ARE TO BE ELABORATE

The ceremonies attending graduation begin on Monday afternoon. The last class is Monday morning, after which all are free to prepare for commencement. There will probably be a band concert Monday afternoon or evening. Visitors will begin arriving Monday afternoon.

An organ recital is usually given some time Tuesday and this year will probably take place on Tuesday, but it has not as yet been definitely decided. Tuesday evening the exercises proper will begin with "Three Wise Fools," the Senior class play. Preceding the play the Salutatory address will be delivered.

The final exercises will begin Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock. Forty-seven graduates—eleven from the college and thirty-six from the high school departments—will receive diplomas. Medals and awards will also be distributed. The Valedictory will then be delivered by one yet to be chosen, and Mr. Benedict J. Elder, of Louisville, Ky., will give the baccalaureate address.

And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries earth if it be in tune

And over it her warm ear lays.

—Lowell.

"What a long tunnel we are going through."

"This isn't a tunnel. This is Pittsburgh."—Exchange.

ST. JOE DROPS TWIN BILL TO NORTH PARK

The North Park-St. Joe game, which was scheduled to be played at Chicago on May 23, had to be called off that day at the end of the third inning because of the lapse of the Chicago school's permit for the use of the diamond. It was then arranged to let the game end with the seventh inning, the remaining four frames to be played at Collegeville immediately before the second North Park-St. Joe game which was scheduled for last Saturday, May 30.

The Saints lost the first game by a count of 6-3. At Chicago, when the game began, the Red and Purple squad was disorganized and handicapped by the late arrival of Coach Radican and several players. In the second inning Ameling scored on Koors' single for St. Joe, while Stromdahl and Olson registered for North Park.

The score stood 2 to 1 in North Park's favor when the game was resumed in the fourth inning at Collegeville last Saturday. Nelson, Carlson and Youngquist scored for the visitors in the fourth. Nelson pounded out a three-bagger in the fifth and scored on Carlson's fly to right field, giving North Park a total of six runs.

St. Joe's two additional tallies came in the seventh when Petit singled, took second on an error and was scored by Ludwig's circuit drive through the center garden. Final score: North Park, 6; St. Joe, 3.

SECOND GAME

Both teams were determined to win the second tussle and again North Park succeeded by a count of 8 to 6. Palmquist started on the mound for Chicago, but had to be replaced by Bocklund in the sixth after St. Joe had rallied in the fifth round, scoring three markers. Moore took the slab for St. Joe and the little southpaw pitched a fine brand of ball throughout. The local squad,

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: THE SENIOR CLASS 1925 :

Charles Boldrick

And even old Kentucky has a son in our Senior Class. "Charley" Boldrick, with a delightful southern drawl and a cheery disposition, joined the class four years ago, and today the tall Kentuckian stands forth as one of its most representative members. An excellent scholar, a man of literary talent both as a writer and a speaker, and above all a fine type of gentleman are some of "Charley" Boldrick's characteristics.

Louis Brenner

"Louie," lately tagged "Buck," is a veteran of six years' service at old St. Joe. In those six years the Middletown lad has provided many a smile by his droll actions and expressions. But "Louie" in his more serious moments has labored with a will to capture the more substantial fruits of knowledge. Next year will find "Louie" among the seminarians at Cincinnati.

John Byrne

A sorry existence it would have been for our class without the services of "Johnny" Byrne. Six years ago John entered these hallowed portals, and since then his sterling worth as a bugbear of gloom has ever asserted itself. "Johnny" will be graduated from St. Joe with a well deserved feeling of satisfaction that he has been a friend to everyone. Success to you, John.

Joseph Gooley

From Erie, in the Keystone state, hails "Jumping Joe" Gooley, also dubbed "Barney." Although he's been here only two years he is one of the most popular fellows on the campus, and he's a hash slinger of repute. As secretary to the basketball manager he was largely responsible for the fine schedule last season.

James Hoban

For six years "Jim" Hoban has been an institution at St. Joe. Gifted with a facile pen and a silver tongue, he has ever used them to the best advantage. In athletics, too, nobody worked harder than "Jim." What will be lost to St. Joe will be a gain to Cincy when "Jim" receives that sheepskin and departs with his cheery smile.

Alphonse Hoffman

"As great an athlete as ever wore the colors of old St. Joe," is our idea of Hoffman. The big lad from the Buckeye state has six years of St. Joe life behind him, and in those six years he has achieved many a triumph for himself and the glorious old Red and Purple. Possessing a generous and kindly disposition,

Hoffman has won the esteem and respect of every student, and he has brought renown not only to his class but also to St. Joe.

Clemens Koors

Everyone in Collegeville knows "Clem" as the other half of the celebrated campus Candy Trust. Five short years ago this worthy son of Tipton, Indiana, started out in his quest of knowledge, and the years spent here at St. Joe record notable achievements for him. Besides being a scholar and an athlete, "Clem" is likewise an actor of repute. "Clem" generally figured in past performances as the villain, and his work has always been of a high order. May success attend him as the years roll on.

Edward Kotter

"Ed" deserves a crown for the amount of banter he has received, especially during the last year here. But the Cincinnati lad seems to have realized that a smile is a wonderful thing in this dreary old world of ours. Kotter has managed the baseball squad for two consecutive years, and this season he is coaching the fast stepping little Freshman team. In studies "Ed" is generally near the top. Next year St. Gregory's Seminary will shelter him, and undoubtedly success will follow him.

Ralph Mueller

If Ralph's medals were placed side by side they would reach from here to Venedocia, whence comes this gifted son of the Buckeye state. As President of the Class of '25, he showed rare ability and tact. Ralph was cut out for a leader of men, and in years to come we are sure this will become more and more apparent.

Adolph Petit

"Dave," as he is familiarly known to his fellow students, hails from the regions of Illinois "where the tall corn grows," and as we might add, "where you can trust a friend." Quiet and unassuming, "Dave" has gone about his work here for six years, and as he nears the end of his college career he enjoys the satisfaction of knowing that he has gained not only knowledge, but also a host of friends.

Arthur Powers

Springfield, Ohio, is the home address of this genial co-proprietor of the Candy Store. He also helped arrange that gorgeous banquet for the Seniors. "Art" is one of those quiet, unassuming chaps that are the powers behind the throne.

Thomas Ronayne

Two years at St. Joe were enough

for Tom Ronayne, the Detroit fias to make himself an essential part of Collegeville, so to say. Good natured and diligent, Tom, we wish you the best of luck wherever you may go.

Charles Ruess

Defiance, Ohio, sent this lad to Collegeville, and to that city we owe a vote of thanks, for Charles Ruess has always been an example of how a good, diligent student can at the same time be a jolly fine fellow.

Russell Scheidler

Who doesn't know "Rusty" Scheidler? "Rusty" is without a doubt the most popular student at St. Joe. His comic antics and ludicrous expressions never fail to coax a laugh. But Scheidler's activities are not all of such a nature. Four long consecutive years he labored in the Turners, and during the past basketball season he won an enviable name for himself as a back guard on the Varsity.

Sylvester Schmelzer

It would be hard to find a busier student than "Syl" Schmelzer. A "clean-up" man he had a big job but he filled in on the basketball and baseball teams whenever needed and still had enough time to make life more joyful for all. We just know he's headed for bigger things. Go to it, "Syl!"

Aloys Sobczak

"Sub" hails from Toledo, Ohio and he certainly believes in letting the world know the merits of that fair city. In the three years he has spent at St. Joe, "Sub" has won a host of friends. Always ready to be of service to his associates, that's "Sub." May his success as a philosopher during the next year be a hundred-fold.

Urban Wimmers

Urban holds the distinction of being the most diminutive member of the Senior Class. But this lack of stature is made up by his wealth of talent, especially in the realm of music. Wimmers has enjoyed great success as a violinist during his stay at St. Joe and as time goes on he will undoubtedly rise to greater heights of success. May Dame Fortune smile upon him in his future endeavors.

Sylvester Ziemer

"Spike" Ziemer, our Stage Director, is second only to Belasco himself. A genius with the properties, and a wizard with the lights was he. He'll be a success on the stage of life, we know. Up with the curtain, "Spike!"



First Row, (left to right): Alphonse Hoffman, John Byrne, Adolph Petit, James Hoban, Charles Boldrick, Clemens Koors.

Middle Row: Urban Wimmers, Sylvester Ziemer, Joseph Gooley, Charles Ruess, Arthur Powers, Edward Kotter.

Bottom Row: Sylvester Schmelzer, Aloys Sobczak, Ralph Mueller, President, Louis Brenner, Thomas Ronayne.

ORATORY CONTEST WON BY JAMES HOBAN

The Conroy medal for oratory was won on Ascension evening by James Hoban, who delivered a masterly oration on the Catholic missionary, entitled "The Champion of Humanity." Charles Boldrick won the second prize of five dollars in gold with "Should There Be a Literary Censorship?" as the subject of his address. The third prize, also a half eagle, was awarded to Sylvester Schmelzer, who spoke on the theme "Realism in Modern Literature." The remaining contestants, in the order of their merit, together with their topics, are:

Charles Ruess: "The Value of the Classics."

Clemens Koors: "Assisting Immigrants to America."

Ralph Mueller: "The Crime Wave as a Social Problem."

The prize winning oration will be found entire in this issue.

Last Will and Testament of the Sixth Class

WE, THE Senior Class of St. Joseph's College, of the State of Indiana, the County of Jasper, and the City of Collegeville, being of sound mind and free of will, do hereby make, ordain and declare this our last will and testament, revoking hereby any previous will or wills drawn up by us.

Item: To the Fifth Class, our sparring partners in the battle for education, we give and bequeath our zeal for learning, our ambition and our love of adventure.

Item: Charles Boldrick gives and bequeaths to Gerard Uhrich his Kentucky dialect, his tennis eyeshade, and the Philadelphia Athletics.

Item: To Frank Achberger is bequeathed by Louis Brenner a good-natured disposition and a Sunday afternoon buggy ride.

Item: That red wig and green flag is willed to Desmond Moore by his compatriot, John Byrne.

Item: Joseph Gooley gives to Cornelius Dobmeyer a pack of Chesterfields, his "flabby bottoms," and his corner seat in the study hall.

Item: To Anthony Schilling is bequeathed by James Hoban his position as head waiter, his skill as a handshaker, and his dramatic ability.

Item: Francis Schwendeman is willed by Alphonse Hoffman his physique and his basketball ability.

Item: Clemens Koors gives to Leo Higi the Senior dormitory, his graceful form, and an "Oh, Henry!"

Item: Edward Kotter leaves to Alphonse Siefker his wealth of surplus energy and to Tony Schilling his prowess in tennis.

Item: To Raymond Dirrig is bequeathed by Ralph Mueller his knowledge of Latin, his horse-laugh, and the beautiful bow in his knees.

Item: Adolph Pettit wills to Gregory Nordenbrock his love for the wild and wooly West, his ability to knock home-runs, and his manly beard.

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Character Sketches of the Preps

WILLIAM ARNOLD

"I never yet made one mistake; I'd like to for variety's sake."

Bill possesses a fine voice and is a rare student of expression.

ANTHONY BASSO

"A level-headed lad and practical."

A truly active classman is our "Tony." Varsity baseball '25; Cheer leader '24-'25.

JOHN BRENNAN

"God bless the man that first invented sleep."

"Dream Daddy" is the Thomas Meighan of the school.

Varsity football '24; class baseball '25.

LOUIS BROHMAN

"Not one of those who advertise themselves."

"Louie" is a genius with the fiddle and always proves a valuable member. Orchestra '24-'25.

DANIEL CASTILLO

"A rare combination, so I have heard tell,
A very good scholar, an athlete as well."

Varsity football '22, '23, '24; class basketball '22, (Capt.) '23, (Capt.) '24, '25; orchestra '22; band '22; Vice-Pres. Newman Club '23; class baseball (Mgr.) '24, '25; Vice-Pres. Fourth Class '24.

MALCOLM DESHONE

"He fell a victim to the Cupid's dart."

Class football '23; Varsity football '24; Class basketball '24-'25; Class baseball '24, '25; Athletic board '25.

FREDERICK GAHWOLF

"He lives content and envies none."

"Fritz" is now westward bound.

Tennis Manager '24; Band '23-'24, '24-'25; Class football '24.

CHARLES GLEASON

"Nor bold, nor shy, nor short, nor tall,

But a real combining of them all."

Fourth Class editor, Cheer; Class football '23, '24; Chairman Class Pin committee, Class baseball '25.

EDMUND GLENNON

"He weighed his words before he spoke,

His acts before he acted."

Class football, '22, '23, '24; Secretary Fourth Class, '25.

ALBERT GLUECKERT

"Speech is great, but silence is greater."

"Al" is quiet, though a hard worker and is always ready to lend a hand at the opportune moment.

NORMAN GRUSE

"He's loyal and square,

He's kind and rare."

Norm's typing ability has been of considerable help to the staff throughout the year.

PAUL HIGI

"He was happy while he tinkered with his retorts and tubes."

Class football, '24; Class baseball, '25.

CLETUS HIPSKIND

"The man who does a little and does it well, accomplishes a great deal."

Though silent and unobtrusive, "Clete" always did more than was required. When loyalty was at a premium he had a large supply.

Varsity football, '23, '24.

HARRY KAHLE

"His winning ways and friendly face, Will win him much in life's long race."

Class football, '22, '23; President Newman Club, '24; Varsity baseball, '25.

HENRY KAUFMANN

"His life was gentle and the elements so mixed in him, that nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This is a man.'"

Orchestra, '23, '24, '25; Class football, '24.

HERMAN KLOCKER

"For every why, he had a wherefore."

Class football, '24; Chairman Fourth Class Advisory Board, '25; Varsity basketball, '23-'24, '24-'25; Class baseball, '24, '25; Athletic Board, '25.

HERBERT KRAMPS

"How silent, meditative and all; Herbie's thoughts are high because he's tall."

Class football, '23, '24; Class baseball, '24, '25.

ALBERT KRILL

"Better to be small and shine Than to be great and cast a shadow."

Class basketball, '24-'25; Orchestra, '24-'25; Band, '23-'24.

RAYMOND LEITSHUH

"He always does his duty,

No matter what the task."

Critic Newman Club; Varsity football, '24; Treasurer Fourth Class, '25.

NORMAN LIEBERT

"I'll try anything twice."

Varsity football, '22, '23, '24; Treasurer Fourth Class, '24; Varsity basketball, '24-'25; Athletic Board, '25.

JOSEPH LUDWIG

"If he had anything to do or any place to go,

He set about it with a will and hurried to and fro."

Class tennis Mgr., '23; President Newman Club, '23; Mgr. Class basketball, '23-'24; Class baseball, '24; Baseball Mgr. Junior League, '24; President Fourth Class, '24; Varsity football, '24; Sporting Editor Cheer, '24-'25; Secretary Graduating Class; Varsity baseball, '25.

HAROLD MUNNING

"A head to contrive, a tongue to persuade

And a hand to execute any mischief."

Class football, '24; Orchestra, '24-'25.

FRANCIS PINTAR

"He stands a chance—the tortoise beat the hare."

BERNARD PULSKAMP

"I'll charm the air to give a sound."

Orchestra, '21, '22, '23, '24, '25; Manager Class tennis, '25; Band, '21, '22, '23, '24, '25.

JAMES QUINN

"Not lazy, but conservative is he, Saving his strength for an emergency."

EDMUND RANLY

"If silence is wisdom, here is wisdom personified."

Orchestra, '23-'24, '24-'25; Band, '23-'24, '24-'25; Class baseball, '25.

JOSEPH REARDON

"The world's no better if we worry, Life's no longer if we hurry."

Class football, '23; Marshal Newman Club, '24; Class basketball, '23-'24, '24-'25; Varsity football, '24; Class baseball (Capt.), '24, '25; Marshal Fourth Class, '24.

GILBERT REYMAN

"He lives among his books and ponders much."

Librarian, '24-'25; Band, '22-'23, '23-'24.



First Row, (left to right): Cletus Hipskind, Raymond Leitshuh, Bernard Pulskamp, William Arnold, Edmund Ranley, Daniel Castillo, Charles Glennon, Carl Zender, Oscar Sieben.
Second Row: Malcolm DeShone, Harry Kahle, John Fertilj, James Quinn, Joseph Sirovy, Anthony Basso, Francis Weier, Albert Krill, Louis Brohman.
Third Row: Joseph Reardon, Cyril Wagner, Paul Higi, Francis Pintar, Charles Gleason, Wilfred Ullrich, Joseph Ludwig, Secretary, Norman Liebert.
Bottom Row: Albert Gluckert, Edgar Orf, Frederick Gahwolf, John Brennan, Harold Munning, Herbert Kramps, Henry Kaufman, Joseph Steckler, Norman Gruse.

OSCAR SIEBEN
"We freely grant he had much wit,
And was not shy in using it."
Orchestra, '21, '22, '23, '24, '25;
Band, '21, '22, '23, '24, '25; Class
football, '24.

JOSEPH SIROVY
"A mean man with a slide trom-
bone."
What mattered if he didn't under-
stand, Joe gave the explanation just
the same.
Class football, '23; Band, '24-'25;
Varsity football, '24.

JOSEPH STECKLER
"Man among men,
He shunned the gentle sex."
Class football, '23; Class baseball,
'24; Varsity football, '24; Class bas-
ketball, '24-'25; Varsity baseball, '25.

WILFRED ULLRICH
"Of simple taste and simple aim,
But he is always in the game."
Class football, '23; Varsity foot-
ball, '24; Class baseball, '25.

FRANCIS WEIER
"As open as the day, but in the Fall
A shifty fellow—when he runs the
ball."
Class baseball, '24, '25; Vice. Pres.
Newman Club, '24; Varsity foot-
ball, '24.

CARL ZENDER
"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."
Though here but one year, Carl
has served on different committees
and always rendered a good account
of himself.
Band, '24-'25.

Girls' hair was made to fluff and
curl.
Their cheeks were made to blush;
Their eyes were made to wink at
boys,
Their lips were made—oh hush!
—Pacific Star.

The straight and narrow path is
plenty wide for its traffic.

Soph—I saw a magician swallow
a mouse.
Frosh—Gosh, didn't they have to
get a doctor?
Soph—Oh, no; he swallowed a cat
right away.—Illinois Siren.

Coal—Ah wins!
Black—What yuh got?
Coal—Three aces.
Black—No you don't. Ah wins.
Coal—What yuh got?
Black—Two nines and a razor.
Coal—Yuh sho do. How comes
yuh so lucky?

Nell was peeved and called him
"Mr."
Not because he went and kr.,
But because, just before,
As she opened the door,
This same Mr. kr. sr.

English Prof.: "The greatest
tragedians of ancient Greece were
Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Eu—"
Byrne (coming to): "Euphrates!"

NINE O' CLUBS 'AC' PENNANT WINNER

STANDING	Won	Lost
Nine o' Clubs	5	1
Breadwinners	2	3
Leaping Lenas	1	4

Pre-season predictions regarding the Academic loop proved true in every respect this year. The circuit was composed of good teams and attracted more attention than ever before. The games were played seriously, the players really tried to win and the resulting scores invariably were close ones. Such high calibre performing always stimulates interest.

The Nine o' Clubs won the flag, but they were forced to exert themselves to the utmost in order to keep ahead of the Breadwinners. Munning hurled well for the victors, while Jessico did some nifty receiving. Mahoney at short-stop and Koch on first-base were the infield stars.

SAINTS CONQUER AURORA COLLEGE TEAM 18 TO 8

With Moore pitching excellent ball and the entire Red and Purple lineup working solidly behind him, the St. Joe sluggers easily defeated Aurora College by a score of 18 to 8 on the afternoon of May 16 when the Illinois aggregation came to Collegeville seeking revenge for the Saints' 10 to 4 victory over them earlier in the season. Apker hurled well for the visitors, but his teammates failed to support him in the critical moments and their infield errors proved costly for Aurora. The local team gathered eleven hits during the fracas, while the visitors were credited with eight.

The Saints "put the game on ice" in the very first inning by scoring eight runs on two hits and several errors. The second and third frames netted the locals one run each, and a brace of markers in the fourth boosted their total to 12. During the sixth the Saints scored four runs from as many bingles, and one tally each in the seventh and eighth rounds completed their stick work and clinched the victory.

Aurora opened the first inning with two runs and added three more during the second. One marker in the sixth and Baker's two-base smash in the seventh, which scored two men, accounts for the visiting squad's eight markers. Final score: St. Joe, 18; Aurora, 8.

ST. JOE DROPS TWIN BILL TO NORTH PARK

(Continued from Page 1.)

however, was off color and one bad break followed another. On two occasions the Saints were well on the road to victory when the Goddess of Luck frowned upon them, turning the tide in N. Park's favor.

Two runs in the first frame and four in the second put North Park well in the lead. In the fifth round Johnson knocked a three-bagger and scored on Nelson's hot grounder to short. The visitores' last tally came during the seventh when Johnson scored once more.

Captain Hoffman brought in the Saints' first run in the second inning when he hit a home run through left center. It was a perfect drive and the big fellow scored before the ball could be relayed back to the infield. The local team staged a rally in the fifth, Navarre, Basso and Koors scoring, the latter on Moore's three-base smash. Basso scored in the eighth, and Navarre in the ninth for St. Joe's last tally. Final score: North Park, 8; St. Joe, 6.

Second game:

NORTH PARK (8)

	A.B.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Olson, cf.....	5	2	3	1	0	0
Berndston, c... 5	0	0	0	0	4	2
Stromdahl, ss. 5	1	1	1	3	3	0
Johnson, 3b... 5	2	2	2	4	1	0
Nelson, 2b.... 5	0	1	2	2	2	1
Carlson, lf.... 2	0	0	0	2	0	0
Bocklund, p... 2	0	1	2	0	0	0
Ostberg, lf... 5	1	2	0	0	0	0
Fromdel, 1b... 5	1	2	7	0	0	0
Palmquist, p... 5	1	2	0	4	0	0

Totals ...44 8 14 21 14 3

ST. JOE (6)

	A.B.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Navarre, ss... 4	2	2	0	5	4	
Kahle, rf. 5	0	3	0	0	0	
Basso, cf..... 5	2	2	2	0	0	
Hoffman, 2b... 5	1	1	2	1	1	
Ludwig, c.... 4	0	2	9	3	0	
Petit, lf. 4	0	1	1	0	0	
Schmelzer, 3b.. 3	0	0	5	0	0	
Ameling, 3b... 1	0	0	0	0	0	
Koors, 1b. ... 4	1	2	3	0	1	
Moore, p. 4	0	1	0	2	0	

Totals ...39 6 14 22 11 6

Two-base hit—Navarre. Three-base hits — Moore, Johnson (2). Home run—Hoffman. First on balls —Off Palmquist, 1. Struck out—By Moore, 7; by Palmquist, 3; by Bocklund, 3; by Nelson, 1. Umpire—Kirk.

Well, as Socrates said after he had swallowed the poison, "it won't be long now."

FOURTHS CHAMPS IN SENIOR CIRCUIT

STANDING	Won	Lost
Fourths	5	2
Firsts	4	3
Thirds	4	3
Seconds	1	5

This year's Senior League pennant race was every bit as long and as bitterly contested as last season's. After the two rounds had been completed the Fourths and Thirds were tied for first place. These ancient rivals battled it out last Monday afternoon with the result that the Fourths shut out the Juniors and cinched the flag by a score of 5 to 0.

More than once during the season the old dope bucket was sent spinning by an unexpected kick and, for at least half of the cycle, it was well nigh impossible to pick the prospective winners. One Sunday afternoon the Seconds surprised the community by tripping up the Fourths by a count of 5 to 2. Then the Freshmen snatched at 3 to 1 victory from the pennant-winners in the last inning of a five-round tilt. One of the classics of the season was an especially hard fought game which the Thirds won from the Sophomores by a score of 5 to 4.

Boone saved the season for the Fourths. After the Kentucky lad took the mound the entire team lined up behind him with surprising snap and energy. From then on the fight was one victory after another. Boone pitched wonderful ball and retired more batsmen than any other twirler in the league. Ullrich, his battery-mate, is a great back-stop and is entitled to much praise. Weier, Brennan and Klocker come in far a share of the praise as their work was always consistent. The team's batting average for the entire season was well over .350 per cent. DeShone, with .667, led in the individual averages.

The Freshmen were a difficult outfit to trim and are entitled to share second honors with the Juniors. Barth, Giardina, Shannon and Klimek were the Freshman stars. Schuckert, Mitchell and Orf showed up well for the Thirds.

Said Sobczak on hearing that Amundsen had been lost: "Oh, well, just another victory for the Poles."

"That's the guy I'm laying for," said the hen as the farmer crossed the barnyard.—Cougar's Paw.



THE ST. JOE DIAMOND SQUAD

Back Row (left to right)—Forche, Mgr. Kotter, Kahle, Steckler, Hoffman, Picard, Hoban, Kramps, Ludwig, Coach Radican, Moore.
Front Row (left to right)—Basso, Koors, Fertilji, Byrne, Ameling, Petit, Navarre, Mascot O'Dowd.

“Visions at the Cave of Repsaj”

IT WAS the gloomiest of gloomy days. Dejected, depressed, despairing, we three sought solace in the Cave of Repsaj by consulting the witch who abode therein. “Oh, Dame,” said we, “unfold to us the future of the Seniors of '25; show us the wonders that will be.” Thus quoth that beldam: “The visions you will see; brace up and follow me.” Trembling, we obeyed. She seated us on a projecting rock that commanded a view of a placid pool in this terrible cave. Mysterious incantations muttered the hag; there was a terrific flash and crash, and in the eerie glow that followed we could discern various scenes depicted on the surface of that glowing pool, changing from time to time. “Attend and see,” said the Witch of Repsaj. And these are the scenes we saw:

We saw a dusty country road, and coming down it an ancient buggy drawn by a still more ancient nag, and in the buggy sat none other than our old friend—Fr. Louis Brenner.

We saw a burly priest in working clothes, none other than Alphonse Hoffman, timing with a white gold watch a track team of his parish boys.

We saw an Indian mission in the wild and woolly West, where Fr. Petit, still a man of principle and character, was giving heart-to-heart talks to the Indian braves.

We saw the archiepiscopal residence at Cincinnati, where Archbishop Mueller was giving his whole interest to the educational system of his diocese.

We saw Rev. Edward Kotter, the guiding star of the Fenwick club, in his dear Cincinnati, taking his winning ball team to see McGraw play the Reds at Redland field.

We saw Fr. John Byrne playing Irish ditties on his mouth organ during a St. Patrick's day celebration at Boosters' Hall, while his people danced a jig.

We saw a tall dignitary, who was none other than Msgr. Hoban, editor of The Messenger of the Precious

Blood, addressing a graduating class at St. Joe university on the glory of the good old days.

We saw Mr. Russell Scheidler playing a few rounds of golf after a busy day's work at his immense ice plant.

We saw Rev. Clemens L. Koors, pastor at Kentland, entertaining a few near relatives at dinner.

We saw Charles Boldrick, now pastor of a little town in the hills of his dear Kentucky, out for a morning stroll before his daily set of tennis.

We saw Urban Wimmers holding the Chair of Gregorian chant at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary and composing oratorios in spare time.

We saw Rev. Arthur J. Powers, chancellor to the Archbishop of Cincy, master of ceremonies at a jubilee of St. Joseph's church, Springfield.

We saw Fr. Sobczak, pastor of St. Stanislaus' (Toledo), dividing his time between following the Mudhens and visiting Urbaytus at the county jail.

We saw dear Fr. Schmelzer, a portly pastor, riding around in a new Cadillac sport, the gift of his admiring parishioners.

We saw Rev. Syl. A. Ziemer going through a rehearsal with his dramatic club, of which he is director and general understudy.

We saw Fr. Joe Gooley taking pot shots at clay pigeons at his club grounds on the bleak shores of Lake Erie. He had a perfect day with the gun.

We saw Mt. Clemens, Mich., where Fr. Tom Ronayne is assistant chaplain, he having completely recovered there.

We saw Rev. Charles Ruesss, chaplain at a large hospital, dividing his spare time between studying the classics and writing for St. Anthony's Messenger.

* * * * *

The visions ceased—fainter grew the glow—came a flash more severe than the former—and before us stood the Witch of Repsaj, bidding us to follow. Full of strange emotions we reached the mouth of the cave. Spake the hag: “One request I will make of you: That you make known the visions you have seen.” And this we have, without fear of favor.

The College Cheer

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STAFF

James H. Hoban.....Editor
Charles C. Boldrick, Jr....Associate Editor
Joseph J. Ludwig.....Sporting Editor

Address: Editor, The College Cheer,
Collegeville, Indiana.

Collegeville, Ind., Sat., June 6, 1925.

EDITORIALS

THE CLASS OF 1925

Another Commencement day is upon us, one that we of the class of '25 have eagerly awaited. As we in former years watched various classes depart, we were thrilled with joy as we pictured in our dreams the day when we, too, should reach our goal. But now as we bid farewell to St. Joe, we experience a pang of sorrow along with our joy. In the years spent here we formed friendships and associations that we must now break. We shall go our various ways and be separated from the friends of our college days. True, there is joy that comes from realizing that we have passed a great milestone along education's course, and this joy will be permanent if we resolve to keep fresh, memories of friends and associations of old St. Joe, though the boundless sea or immense continents separate us.

As we look back on the years spent here we see pleasant memories. True, we have swallowed the bitter as well as the sweet. But after all, that is the way of life, and now at the end of our journey we behold only the bright side of our college days. And this will always be. Twenty, thirty, forty years hence we shall look back and see memories that today appear matter-of-fact, but then time will have mellowed and ripened them and we shall understand why college days are called the happiest days of any man's life.

We owe a mighty debt to St. Joseph's. Like a tender mother she has guarded and taught us. Her professors have labored untiringly to make us men staunch in character and conviction. They have sought to make us Catholic gentlemen, God-fearing and pious, and above all they have aspired to send us forth on graduation day imbued with a spirit of charity and love for our fellow man.

Then should we not be grateful? Ingratitude is the most stinging rebuff man can administer. Let us not

be guilty. Cherish the memory of the teachings our professors sought to instil into our minds. Harbor not malice for injured pride, for after all they knew what was best and were guided by sincere convictions. And whenever St. Joseph's, our Alma Mater, calls us, let us answer with one accord. And in life strive to make our live monuments to the zeal of St. Joseph's and her professors.

And now we must depart, perhaps forever. But let us remain one in spirit till the end. Some of us will rise to fame and worldly recognition, and some of us will remain just common, ordinary mortals. But in whatever walk of life we find ourselves, let's make the best of it, and do our bit, remembering that it matters not whether we win or lose, but how we play the game. With our inspiring standard ever before us, "Service to God and Humanity," we go to meet the grim realities of life.

St. Joseph's—farewell!

COACH THOMAS RADICAN

Coach Thomas Radican will not be with the Red and Purple next year; his contract expires with the present scholastic year. It is proper, therefore, that we briefly comment on the man who for two years has guided the destiny of St. Joe in athletics.

Two years ago Coach Radican came to St. Joseph's. The conditions were anything but favorable. A small school unused to the disciplinary tactics of a man such as a coach must be, resulted in many trying situations. Mr. Radican has blazed the trail for his successor, and we hope the student body realizes this fact.

Whether we are in accord with the policies of Coach Radican or not, it is well if we bear in mind the adverse conditions, and the heavy schedules encountered during his term here. But whatever attitude we hold toward his policies, we cannot do otherwise than admire his splendid character.

Mr. Radican is a model of the true Christian gentleman, and we would do well to remember him as such. We take this occasion to thank Coach Radican in the name of the student body for his efforts, sincere efforts, to bring victory to the Red and Purple, and wish him all the success in the world in future endeavors.

THE CHEER—FAREWELL

With this edition of The Cheer our labors for the scholastic year 1924-25 end. The year's work, as we see it now, is one of achievement. True, the past year has had its shadows, but everything worth while calls for

an effort. We have tried earnestly to give St. Joe a real publication, one that would promote greater devotion to St. Joe, and good fellowship among the students. If we have progressed just a little toward these ideals, our work has not been in vain.

And now in this final number we of the staff desire to thank our subscribers, our advertisers and our contributors. Nor must we forget the local photo company and the college authorities for their courtesy in making possible the various half-tones that have appeared in The Cheer. We have met with remarkable co-operation and for this we again thank all concerned.

Our work is finished. Last September as we took hold of our task, it seemed immense; but time has returned us victorious. We hope that this year's Cheer has fulfilled its office. We have closed the seventeenth volume of The Cheer and another year of St. Joe life has been chronicled. May our efforts be as stepping stones to greater success for the staff of 1925.

In spite of all our efforts during the past year to educate the students to appreciate good jokes, we fear that not much good has been done. The presiding officer of the oratory contest pulled this one: Said Jim to Mike: "Mike, I'm going back to college and study Greek." "Why, Jim, what's the idea?" "Well, said Jim, "a fellow has got to eat nowadays." And there was as much noise as if a lace handkerchief had been dropped into the Grand Canyon. We were very embarrassed.

Who said Wimmers wasn't athletic? Why, he plays first bass on the choir.

He—You have arms like the Venus de Milo.

She—You have a head like the Winged Victory.

Irate Customer—Here, look what you did!

Laundryman—I don't see anything wrong with that lace.

Customer (more irate) — Lace! That was a sheet!

His Honor—Have you anything to say? .

The Guilty One—Assuredly, Your Honor. I desire to state without reservation or circumlocution that the penalty imposed should be in keeping, or, as it were, commensurate with my station in life, which has hitherto been one of no inconsiderable importance.

His Honor—Well, you seem to like long sentences. Twenty years!

The College Cheer Staff 1924-1925



CHARLES C. BOLDRICK
Associate Editor



JAMES H. HOBAN
Editor



JOSEPH J. LUDWIG
Sporting Editor

ORIOLES COP JUNIOR FLAG

Last Will and Testament of the Sixth Class

(Continued from Page Three)

STANDING	Won	Lost
Orioles	5	0
Sluggers	4	1
One Elevens	3	2
Clouters	2	2
Sockers	1	4
Purple Nine	0	4

Despite the sharpness of the competition in the Junior circuit this season, the Orioles, true to their name, soared gracefully above mere mediocrity, played real baseball and finally flew away with the Junior pennant grasped firmly in their talons. Hackman did excellent twirling for the winners and Passafume supported him well behind the bat. Denka and Pabst were two other strong links in the Orioles' defense. The sluggers, runners-up for the pennant honors, also came through with an enviable record.

All in all, the little fellows played good baseball throughout the entire season and this fact made the race, which was always hot, interesting as well.

"It's all up," said the balloonist to his helper.

Item: Raymond Boeke receives from Arthur Powers his many-tinted letters, his tennis ability, and the candy store.

Item: To Alphonse Siefker is given by Thomas Ronayne his love for early rising and his chewing-gum habit.

Item: Charles Ruess bequeaths to Francis Schwendeman his easy-going disposition and his knowledge of Greek verbs.

Item: To Edward Crockett is willed by Russell Scheidler his four years' experience as a Turner, his saxophone, and Francis Gaffney for a tennis partner.

Item: Harry Estadt receives from Sylvester Schmelzer a broom, a sawdust bucket, and his position as basket ball manager.

Item: Leo Higi receives from Alois Sosczak that famous pair of tan shoes, together with their sack container, and his "nose for news."

Item: To Gerard Urich is given by Urban Wimmers his violin, his dramatic ability as a lover, and his artistic temperament.

Item: Sylvester Ziemer bequeaths to Albert Scheiber his love for Greek and his position as director of the C. L. S.

We hereby do appoint and designate Bro. Fidelis, C. PP. S., as our executor without bond, and to him do we entrust the above bequests for distribution to the assignees, their heirs and assigns forever.

Whereunto we have set our hands and seal, this third day of June, in the year of our Lord 1925, and of the College the thirty-third.

Attest:

THE SENIOR CLASS OF '25.

Could one call the postoffice "the stamping ground?"

Education pays, unless you settle down to be a professor.

Dan Costello says that his idea of a very ambitious man is the mail man who takes a stroll in the country whenever he gets a holiday.

Koch—"I'll just sing a little to kill some time.

Navarre—You certainly have a mighty weapon.

Last Will and Testament

WE, the Senior Prep class of '25 of St. Joseph's College, Collegeville, Ind., do hereby solemnly swear and affirm that, being in full possession of our super-normal faculties and unusually good common sense, and thoroughly realizing the awful responsibility which we are shifting to the infant shoulders of the chosen legatees, make the following disposition of all these qualities and properties which we hold most dear and valuable.

Article I. In acknowledgment of numerous benefits received we are proud to leave to old St. Joe our undying loyalty, vigorous school spirit and a solemn promise of our future co-operation.

Article II. To the gallant Freshman class, under the guidance of John Cummings as president-elect, we bequeath our successful organization, intense class spirit and iron clad constitution.

Article III. The Sophomore class has been willed our abhorrence of cliques, passion for "feeds" and ability to keep and safeguard all the rules of the institution.

Article IV. To our understudies, the Thirds, we give and bequeath our originality, inventive genius and general progressiveness.

Article V. We freely give and bequeath to the following legatees the below named properties and qualities to have, hold and use as may seem fitting:

1. William Arnold's bombastic power of expression to Silas Hepperle.
2. To Nick Bonfiglio, Anthony Basso's pep in leading cheers.
3. Louis Brohman's fiddling ability to Harry Coyne.
4. Daniel Castillo's manly bearing to Michael Hnat.
5. T. Malcolm DeShone's annual case of measles to Robert Rom-weber.
6. To (little) Joe Hartman, Charles Gleason's editorial genius.
7. Norman Gruse's excess avoirdupois to Frank Denka.
8. Albert Glueckert's Captaincy of the "Leaping Lenas" to Charles Passafume.
9. The artistic temperament of C. Edmund Glennon to George Dapson.
10. The sunny smile of Fred Gahwolf to Martin Kenny.
11. Cletus Hipkind's success with the fair sex to "Senor" Dunn.
12. Paul Higi's unfinished book "Adventures in Chemicals" to John Modrijan.
13. Harry Kahle's fondness for sleep on free days to Richard Hummel.
14. To Leo Schramer, Henry Kaufmann's numerous cues in future productions of the "Gus Enfield" type.
15. To Paul Urhane, Herbert Kramp's brown derby.
16. Albert Krill's heavy beard and old razor blades, minus all attachments, to Thomas Casserly.
17. Herman Klocker's position on the "Reps" to Paul Galligher.
18. Joe Ludwig's position as class leader to "Dutch" McKinley.
19. Norman Leibert's "The Mysteries of Borrowing" to Leo Dirrig.
20. To Carl Bender, treasurer, Raymond Leitshuh's "taking" ways.
21. Harold Munning's daily practice to Robert Klimek.
22. The musical talents of Bernard Pulskamp to Bill Mitchell.
23. James Quinn's knowledge of Virgil to John Mahoney.
24. Gilbert Reyman's position as head librarian to Thomas Glennon.
25. Edmund Ranly's jews-harp to Benjamin Levy.
26. To the Reichlen twins, Oscar Sieben's untimely "Clever Cracks."
27. Joseph Steckler's position as General Manager of the Pool Trust to Bernard Middendorf.
28. Joseph Sirovy's rosy cheeks and school girl complexion to Peter Welsh.
29. To Frank Nichols, Francis Weir's Cutex manicuring outfit.
30. Carl Zender's remaining correspondence school lessons on "How to Play the Saxophone" to James Reidy.
31. To Joseph Conrad Bechtold, Joe Reardon's remaining numbers of his subscription to "Vanity Fair."
32. Frank Pintar's lightning speed and lady-like features to Gerard Urich.

* * * * *

We nominate and appoint Brother David and Brother Marling as executors of this our LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, We have hereunto set our hands to this, our last Will and Testimony, at Collegeville, Ind., this, the THIRD day of JUNE in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-five.

(Signed) Senior Members of the Prep Department.

Witnesses by Proxy:

J. J. Ludwig

H. A. Kahle

C. E. Glennon.

Gleason, Hipkind, and Castillo,

Attorneys at Law.

HIRAM SEZ GOOD-BYE

Colledgeville ind.

Dear paw,

Wal since as how this will be my fairwell letter wrote at St. Joe i will not make it very long. Next week is commenctment and if this bird is lucky this week he will get a sheepskin next wednesday. Now paw, afore you ask any fool questions this sheepskin aint no coat but it is a dieplomcy. I shore hope u and maw will jurney up from Turkey Crick for the occashun. You will see "Three Wise Fools" tuesday nite which is the class play and maybe more fools than three Wednesday morning. Also you will here the back lawreate address spoke Wednesday morning and paw she will be jest like the county fare back 2 home when they jedge the stock, 4 there is to be some awards made here 2.

Our class mottoe is "Service to God and Humanity" of course it is wrote in latin so nobody can understand it but thats what she means and by grab i got a hunch that about next June 15th she will be for Hiram "Servus 2 wheat and oats," or "hoeing not leaning." I shore will like 2 git behind them grays and grasp the ole plow once agin.

The class profecies is made out and them gies shore did hand the bokays. if all the hokus pokus comes threw their should be some grate men in about twenty years.

i don't know whether mom and u will know me when i put on my cap and gown next tuesday. Them caps is all right but they are a little suggestive being square. Our class flour is the white rose.

Well i must clothes now. and i almost 4got the editor of the Cheer wants me to say goodbye to my reeders in this letter so i will. i shore have enjoyed writing these hear in-struckting artickles and i know u folks have learned a lot from them. Now and then they mite have been mistakes but mistakes is bound to happen thats why they put eracers on led pensils. Well folks, farewell i hope 2 see u all commenctment.

4 ever and ever, yourn

HIRAM.

Tact is just the art of making the other fellow feel more important than yourself.

The final end of education is not knowledge, but character.

Remember, however, that it is the pursuit of happiness that is an inalienable right, not happiness itself.
—Selected.

JUNE

Oh, June, the month of perfect days!
As Lowell once did sing;
Then flowers burst into full bloom,
And care afar we fling.

For then the artist wields his brush
As ne'er he did before;
He paints the prayers the song birds sing
To Him whom we adore.

Days such as these do lovers seek
Their vows to plight alone;
The poet sits and scribbles verse
On some convenient stone.

If e'er your heart does seem to break
Under the strain of care,
Just think of June, the month of love,
And you its love will share.

—EDWARD M. BURNS, '27.

A QUESTION

"Chemist of skill! Investigate!
Answer this quiz of mine.
I think I know what carbonate,
But where did iodine?"

Answer

"Well, she supped on T. N. T.
After a wild nitride,
And there was nary a bit of glee
When our poor iodide."

A tree toad loved a she toad
That lived in a tree;
She was a three-toed tree toad
But a two-toed toad was he.
That the three-toed tree toad
The she toad's friendly nod;
For the two-toed tree toad loved
The ground
That the three-toed tree toad
trode;
But vainly the two-toed tree toad
tried—
He couldn't please her whim;
In her tree toad bower, with her
V-toe power,
The she toad vetoed him.
—Exchange.

Things seldom seen: Typewriting
on a brick wall.

It is said that our future presi-
dents already are beginning to save
photos of the primitive little con-
crete hospitals in which they were
born.—Selected.

Hearts—And what did they do
with that girl who was shot for
trumping her partner's ace?
Trumps—They buried her with
simple honors.—Stanford Chaparral.

'Tis by the cross we gain the crown;
Perfect bliss nowhere reposes.
Grieve not that roses have thorns.
But rejoice that thorns have roses.
—Exchange.

It's a poor writer that escapes
criticism.

Two good things for the complex-
ion: (1) Leave it alone; (2) Put
it to bed before two a. m.

The last syllable of "woman" is
"man." The only known instance of
man's having even the last syllable.
—Boston Bean-Pot.

Our greatest undeveloped natural
resource is—men.

FAMOUS WRECKS

A ———less driver.
———tangle.

The ——— of the Hesperus.
The day of ———onlng.

B——fast.

Charles II.

—Oxford University.

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CHEERY CHOKES

Well, gang, this is our farewell. The janitor of this column wishes to thank you for making these chokes such a howling success—by howling so loud after they were published. But we know they were awful sometimes, so be good and don't take any bad nickels.

If all that appiesauce in those prophecies comes true this old world ought to be a pretty good place about 1952.

Busily engaged in trying to harness a mule to a cart, Pat was using some rather forcible language when a clergyman appeared.

"Can I help you?" he asked of Pat.

"Yes," was the reply, "tell me how Noah got two of these beauties into the ark?"

This is the time of the year when a student's soles get so thin that if he stood on a dime he could tell heads from tails.

It was in a restaurant they met,
Sweet Romeo and Juliet.
And when they left, they left in debt,
For Romeo'd what Juliet.

"Abie, mein son, for vy you go der stairs up twice at a time?"

"To save mein shoes, fadder."

"Vell, be careful you don't split your pantz."

"Bill," said a sailor looking up from his letter, "do you spell 'sense' with a 'c' or an 's'?"

"What kind, money or brains?"

"Aw, I don't mean either of them two. What I'm trying to say is: 'I ain't seen him sense.'"

According to a certain humorist, the slow motion pictures came into existence when a camera caught two Scotchmen reaching into their pockets to pay the bill.

A chemistry lad had a fancy vest;
He wears that vest no more;
For what he thought was H₂S
Was H₂SO₄.

YOU SAID IT

Rin—Jack is all right, but he is too loquacious.

Tin—Yeh, he talks too much.

Since women started to frequent the barber shop, the talkative barber has passed into history.

If pearls come from oysters, diamonds must come from fish.

Customer (in barber shop)—Cut all three short.

Barber—What three?

Customer—The hair, the beard, and the talk.

Says the Lad: "Nope, my father wasn't a policeman, but he went with them a great deal."

Professor—I maintain that men and women are equal.

Co-Ed—Oh, professor, you're bragging.

Wise Guy—What was the president's name in 1896?

Me—I don't remember.

Wise Guy—Calvin Coolidge.—Selected.

Recent vital statistics indicate that too much of the midnight oil is fusel oil. We add banana oil.

RALSTON? Most certainly! And as usual right up-to-the-moment in style. Better come in early and look them over : : : :

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"THE CHAMPIONS OF HUMANITY"

By JAMES H. HOBAN

SINCE that fateful day in the Garden of Eden when Eve listened to the alluring voice of the tempter with his flattering promises, men have sought to win fame and glory in this world; they have ever loved the plaudits of the multitude, the scepter of power and the glimmering heaps of gold. These motives have carried many a man to the dizzy heights of success, but fame is a treacherous knave, and only too often do we see the man who yesterday bowed to the cheering crowd, the man who ruled empires and commanded armies and caused hostile thrones to totter and fall, die broken and neglected. But tonight let us turn from the pathways of mundane power and glory and draw back the curtain from the grand mosaic of history and there behold those noble men who achieved far greater success than the mere heaping up of gold and human plaudits, who labored for more sublime ideals, far from the glamor and sham of the world, out of true love for humanity—the Catholic Missionaries.

As we contemplate history's great heroes we see men who have steered their bark of hope to success through seas of blood, broken oaths, hidden shoals of jealousy, cross currents of intrigue and lust for power. Caesar was ambitious; Napoleon rode to power over broken promises; and Cromwell's treatment of the Irish people is one of the blackest spots on the escutcheon of civilization. Our history has been written in lights and shadows, and many are the times the tyrants and the war lord have conspired to fasten their monstrous tenacles on mankind and drag humanity down, down into the bloody ooze of war and oppression. And in those moments humanity has cried piteously for aid but in vain, for its so-called champions have one by one collapsed like playthings, intoxicated by the thunder of flattery and the glitter of the tempter's gold, and thus they have lost the grandest opportunity of a lifetime to achieve real immortality on the world's stage.

The missionary's life, however, presents a different picture. Jealousy and greed hold no place in his noble heart. His hands are unstained by innocent blood: broken oaths and detestable lies hound not his conscience. His life is one filled with achievements, one that abounds in more beauty and poetry than the greatest celebrities the world of yesterday, today or tomorrow can produce. The ranks of the missionary have been filled with the noblest men of all times, men who inspired by the memory of Christ and His Cross have risen up to answer the divine summon: "Go ye forth and teach all nations." The missionary has been but an instrument in the hands of God, to be used, broken and thrown aside.

We thrill at worldly fame but after all it means little and sooner or later death will humble us all in the vast kinship of the dust. The missionary knows this and for this reason has paid little heed to the prophets of Mammon who have painted a rosy picture of his future. These deceivers have offered gold, fame and the scepter of power. They have promised to emblazon his name across the sky in dazzling splendor and they will even have men to bow before him.

But the missionary has turned away with a smile for he sees through the sham and conceit of it all, and he turns to listen to the voice of the Commander who speaks in terms stern and real:

"I'll give thee hunger for gold;
And for fame My cross; for pleasure My cruel scourging;
For gain My loss."

Cheerfully he has left the world, friends and everything most dear and followed the rugged path of duty wherever it may lead. To dispel error and disseminate truth he has travelled to the frozen wastelands of the arctic and to the sweltering, fever-infested regions of the tropics. To Africa and Asia he has journeyed, braving the terrors of the savage head-hunter and the

ferocious superstitions of the natives. Rome in all her pagan idolatry and corruption heard the word and sought to silence it, but the zealous Paul and his associates persevered amid persecution and insult and finally conquered. The Goth and the Visigoth came down from the north with savage fury but in time the tireless zeal of the missionary succeeded and these people turned from their vicious mode of living and became God-fearing men. The vast army of Patricks, Augustines and Xaviers have conquered nations upon nations for Christ and their only weapon has been Charity. They have blazed the trail for civilization and formed the vanguard of progress and development. In the history of every nation we find the missionary, humanity's foremost champion dispensing charity and brotherly love by his word and example.

From the old world let us turn to the new and behold the noble part the missionary played in the fierce prologue of American history in the days of the Indian, when civilization was yet unknown to these shores. Behold the noble Marquette as he sailed down the broad expanse of the Mississippi, and behold on either side the vast forests and trackless plains. In the forge of his mighty intellect he must have pictured the transformation those virgin forests and trackless plains would undergo with time. He must have beheld the mighty cities and the towering skyscrapers and the great industries that today form the impressive skyline along that great river. All these things must have been a source of joy and inspiration to him. But more inspiring than this was the idea that he was to bring the light of the one, true Faith to the redman.

What memories arise at the very mention of Le Jeune, Juges, Joliet, Breboeuf? Not memories of daring adventurers intent only on gold and worldly honor but memories that sparkle and glimmer like diamonds in the noon day sun, memories painted in the crimson blood of true sacrifice. The story of these Jesuits forms a chapter of the most brutal cruelty and torture in the history of the world. Cruelties and tortures that neither you nor I can realize; cruelties inspired by the very demon of darkness himself. These brave men, these worldly saints, suffered mutilation of the body, hunger, thirst and worst of all the stinging blow of ingratitude. Yet they carried on nobly until one by one they died, died the ignominious death at the stake or fell before the deadly blow of the tomahawk. Their lives were based on humility but today we still can shed tears in their memory while we forget the man who ruthlessly climbed to power over the right of his fellow man.

When we read on history's pages the noble deed of that patriot Arnold von Winkelreid who to save his country gathered into his bosom the sheaf of foreign spears, we gasp with amazement. And how many times during the recent World's War did we not thrill with admiration as we pictured the boy in khaki as he struggled amid the mud and filth of Flanders; who scrambled "over the top" into the burning Hell of "No Man's Land" through barbed wire entanglements and sulphurous smoke, braving the molten lead and bursting shrapnels belched forth from those mighty engines of destruction. Heroes indeed, these men, heroes who fought, bled and died for their country.

But what of Father Damien, that apostle of mercy, who labored alone on the island of Molokai in the Pacific amid the horror, filth and stench of that most loathsome disease known to man—leprosy. What of him who comforted aching hearts and weary bodies and bound up gaping ulcers amid that colony of men and women whom you and I deem too repulsive to behold, whom society exiled in its horror? Damien lived and finally died a victim of the dread disease, contracted during his labor of love. Ah, my friends what beauty,

(Continued on Page Fourteen.)

CLASS PROPHECY OF "PREPS"

I ENTERED the cavern by the sea with halting and uncertain steps. Looking fearfully about this strange and solemn place I saw only darkness but as my eyes grew more accustomed to the thick blackness I discerned a dull red glow proceeding from a niche in the wall at the far end of the place. I had a feeling of hidden danger, but the thing fascinated me and I went towards it.

As I approached I found it to be a crystal ball glowing with an inner fire and floating in the air without any visible support. There was a strange sound as of huge portals slowly swinging back upon rusty hinges. The ball, became a great red flame, turned purple, then green and died amid a cloud of swirling white smoke. The cloud churned and writhed, nebulous blotches appeared, grew darker and began to take shape.

With a tearing, ripping sound, the cloud parted and before my astounded eyes appeared a large chemical laboratory with bottles and retorts on every side and there, as I live, in the center of the room stood Bill Arnold. Bill Arnold, with a mop in one hand and a duster in the other, resplendent in a brand new white janitor's uniform. Outside the window sounded a raucous cry, "Pay da Monk. He danca da jig!" and Tony Basso stopped to lighten the heart of his old friend Bill with a few heavenly strains. As the last sounds died away amid the delighted cries of a score of children I looked up at the sign embellishing the front of this building. It read, "Ullrich & Krill Co., Manufacturing Pharmacists."

Without warning the scene became one of wildly dashing waves. In the distance a rum ship hove into view closely followed by the U. S. gunboat, "California." Walking the quarter deck of the "California," telescope in hand, was Captain Gahwolf who presently turned and sent down the command to fire upon the runner. A sharp report, a jar and gunner's mate Pintar came running up to report a perfect hit.

A peaceful village street was now depicted. A blue-coated soldierly figure with a large leather pack swung along from house to house, whistling as he went. It was Post Master Leitshuh of Muncie, Indiana.

In an instant the interior of a splendidly appointed directors room was revealed. Henry Ford sat at the head of the table flanked on either side by first and second vice-presidents Ludwig and Weier, who were earnestly engaged in considering corporation-attorney Gleason's report on the Muscle Shoals case against the government.

The scene was altered once more and a quiet study was presented to my view. James Quinn, the famous detective story writer, sat in a large easy chair explaining to his friend and publisher, Gilbert Reyman, the plot of his latest work which was taken from an incident in the life of that eminent lawyer and criminologist, Bernard Pulskamp.

Swirling before my eyes was a driving mixture of hail, snow and rain. A tiny airplane looped and turned as it buffeted the storm. In it were Daniel Castillo and Joseph Steckler carrying registered mail to Nome, Alaska.

The chilly sight was suddenly removed and I looked upon a very different scene. It was the Marigold Gardens, Chicago. Public Heath Commissioner Kramps and Architect Liebert are figuring the cost of erection of the new hospital, to be built by the Hipkind & Sirovy Construction Co., which Mr. Sieben, the Canadian brewer, has just donated to his native city.

The picture blurred. A new one took its place and I gazed through an iron barred window at Norman Gruse, Secretary of the Indiana State Penal Commission. At his side, State Auditor of Accounts Paul Higi

busily poured over the accounts of the Michigan City penitentiary. Suddenly the door opened and the Warden came in. Sure enough it was my old classmate Harold Munning.

The scene became a lurid red. A cloud of dense smoke rushed past. Then high up on a bending ladder I saw the strained faces of Al Glueckert and Ed Ranly beneath their fire helmets as they slowly bore two children to safety.

Without warning a large marble faced building loomed on the horizon. A troop of cavalry in red and green uniforms galloped past. At their head rode Malcolm DeShone, military dictator of the Mexican Republic.

With amazing rapidity the vision was replaced by a view of a great theatre. Carl Zender was appearing for his thirtieth time in the part of "Monsieur Beaucaire." Down in the orchestra pit with waving arm and flashing eye Louis Brohman directed a seventy piece orchestra. Manager Klocker was rushing about the show trying to make accommodations for the vast multitude of patrons.

Now the crowded streets of the lower East Side, New York, were presented to my view. What was my astonishment to see lettered above three dingy gilt balls this legend "Kahle and Kaufman, We buy anything." I was so surprised that I started toward the place with the intention of entering. The picture vanished at my touch and my hand felt oily and uncomfortably. I woke up in my own studio and found that I had spoiled a perfectly good painting of Joe Reardon which I had intended to use in my next poster for the Arrow Collar people.

EDMUND GLENNON, '25.

"The Champions of Humanity"

(Concluded from Page Thirteen.)

what inspiration do we find in this saint's life. Where is the deed of the wordly hero that does not pale into insignificance at the very mention of the name Damien? He was a true champion of humanity, a man who labored for the weak and the oppressed.

And thus the sands of time flowed onward. Today the world with all materialism and love of fame rushes madly on in the quest of more power. The smoke of giant industries and the lurid spectacle of pleasure often obscure the noblest ideals on our horizon. But this has ever been so. The world of today is practically the same as yesterday and tomorrow will find it lolling in the same evils, vices and false doctrines. Mammon is deified and the true God is neglected. War lords and tyrants will arise as of yore and throttle mankind; heroes and demigods will appear and play their little part but in the end death will brush them from the stage like a mighty wave washes a pebble from the deck of a war ship. The old, old story:

"The burst of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave;
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

But we need not despair for today the missionary labors in the field afar and even here at home with greater fervor than ever. He is working, praying, suffering and yet receiving the satisfaction the world cannot give, the satisfaction that comes of duty well performed. And thus he will continue to play his role as humanity's grandest champion in that most noble drama of love the world has witnessed since the Master died on the tree of the Cross with those golden words of charity on His divine lips: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

How the Saints Batted and Fielded

Player—	A.B.	R.	H.	S.B.	B.B.	S.H.	Batting Average.	P.O.	A.	E.	Fielding Average.
Ludwig	12	5	6	1	0	0	.500	23	5	2	.933
Basso	25	11	8	9	1	0	.320	10	1	1	.917
Kahle	26	3	8	2	0	1	.308	4	0	0	1.000
Navarre	27	5	8	2	3	0	.296	13	15	8	.778
Petit	26	6	7	8	0	0	.270	3	0	2	.600
Koors	23	5	6	5	1	0	.261	42	3	2	.957
Hoffman	27	8	6	4	0	0	.222	22	9	4	.828
Moore	17	3	3	4	2	0	.177	1	12	1	.929
Ameling	6	1	1	1	0	0	.167	2	3	0	1.000
Steckler	13	1	2	2	1	0	.154	34	1	3	.921
Fertalj	15	4	2	3	3	0	.133	6	9	8	.882
Schmelzer	9	1	1	1	1	0	.111	6	1	2	.778
Picard	2	0	0	0	0	0	.000	1	4	0	1.000
Team Total ...	228	53	58	42	12	1	.255	167	63	27	.886

Key—A.B., at bat; R., runs; H., hits; S.B., stolen base; B.B., base on balls; S.H., sacrifice hits; P.O., put-outs; A., assists; E., errors.

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And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe
can make defense, (Shakespeare)
How oft in spirit have I turned to
thee (Wordsworth)
Amidst the soundless solitudes im-
mense, (Thomson)
O only source of all our light and
life! (Clough)
Lean close to me, for now the
sinking sun, (Rossetti)
The settled shadow of an inward
strife, (Byron)
Hath made us worshippers; O
claim thine own! (Keble)
From the contagion of the world's
slow stain (Shelley)
Grant us thy peace and purity of
mind; (Rogers)
And rivet faster round Thyself the
chain, (Southey)
The heart which love of Thee alone
can bind. (Byron)
So shall I live like one not born to
die, (Coleridge)
Holding so fast by Thine Infinity.
(E. Bronte.)

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